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THE BUSY BODY.

NO. XIV.

I NOW sit down to the painful task of repeating a tale, fraught with domestic misery: but, as it may convey an useful caution to the vanity of parents, and a striking lesson to young people, on the circumspection necessary to be observed in the choice of their associates, I am, in some measure, reconciled to the undertaking. Maria Morgan is the only child of a creditable farmer, near Shrewsbury: her person and capacity being something above the common class of that order of society, her father, proud of her acquirements at a country-school, wished to place her in a situation superior to the drudgery of a farm-house, and accordingly sent her to a neighbouring town, as an apprentice to a milliner. Maria soon evinced a considerable degree of taste; her leisure hours were allotted to light reading, and an irresistible desire to see the metropolis was the conse-

quence: this desire, however, could not be indulged but at a considerable expence: but the anxious father, filled with the most sanguine hopes, founded on the abilities of his child, determined to gratify her inclination, as soon as a successful harvest should crown his hopes. He applied to some friends living in London, who made the necessary inquiries, and at length informed him, that for the sum of thirty guineas Maria might be placed in one of the most respectable houses at the west end of the town, where she might remain for two years, with little additional expence for improvement. Maria was in raptures; the good old man not less so; and all his little savings were eagerly accumulated for the purpose of paying the sum required, and equipping her genteelly.

It may not be amiss to point out here a few particulars concerning those fashionable and respectable establishments, of which many of my country readers are perhaps ignorant. The mistress is generally a person of vast consequence, highly elevated with notions of fashion and self-sufficiency; too much engrossed by attention to her distinguished customers, to pay much regard to the morals of her young people, and sufficiently versed in the arcana of dress and address, to check the growth of vanity in the youthful breast, or set an example worthy their imitation. Her instructions are confined to the judicious arrangement of colours, or the ingenious exercise of taste, in the fabrication of a fashionable bonnet; and conceives her duty is performed to its utmost extent, if she sees that they are orderly in the work-room, and do not waste the costly materials intrusted to their charge, by awkwardness or inattention. Their time is wholly occupied with her business, from seven in the morning till nine at night, after which time they are permitted to walk in the street for the benefit of their health! except on Saturday, when it is required that they shall finish their week's work, which commonly employs them till two or three o'clock in the morning, when, after a short repose, they may, if they please, attend

divine service, with aching eyes and drowsy senses. Yet even this privilege is withheld on occasion of particular orders, which must be executed, even to the violation of the sabbath.

Of these circumstances old Morgan was not apprized by his kind relations; so that trusting to the hitherto unwarped principles of his girl, who had been educated in the strictest religious habits, he felt no scruple in suffering her to depart with his blessing, and such admonitions as his uninformed mind dictated. Maria at first suffered extremely from her close confinement, and deprivation of her accustomed rest; her mind too was sensibly shocked by the light manners of her companions, who rallied her on her rusticated notions, and what they termed affected prudence. Shamed from her laudable resolutions by their ridicule, she at length yielded to the force of example, and became as willing to indulge in an evening frolic, or a Sunday promenade, as the rest. Some of the girls had admirers; one fop recommended another, and Maria was not long without a beau at her side, of that class who, invading the female province, stand tiptoe behind a counter, dexterously hand a band-box to their fair customers, and deal out impertinent small talk by wholesale. Such agreeable chatterers as these are vastly pleasing to girls of little sense and great vanity; they set their own persons off to great advantage, and, by constant habit, acquire the art of making the ladies equally satisfied with themselves. The kind of discourse which Maria now heard was quite new to her, but not the less agreeable; and she considered it as a most convincing token of sincere regard, when her admirer presented her with some valuable trinkets to keep for his sake; never troubling herself to think how far his salary enabled him to support the extravagance of which, by his own report, he was guilty. Gratitude, combined with vanity, soon ensnared the heart of the credulous Maria; but her virtue was unshaken. She no longer considered it a trespass to absent herself from church; but there was an innate deli-

cacy in her mind, that taught her to preserve her honour, and she anxiously looked forward to an explanation with her lover, which should give confirmation to her hopes. The term allotted for her improvement expired, but the idea of returning was far from her thoughts. The malice of some of her companions had cast a stigma on her reputation, which wounded her to the soul, and she had the additional mortification to learn, that some heavy losses had reduced her father to a state of great embarrassment.

Maria was at a loss what step to take, till, by the persuasions of Bradley, she was induced to hire apartments in a genteel street, and commence business on her own account; her father's friends promising their recommendation, and Bradley intimating that he could furnish her with stock from the warehouses at a cheap rate, and six months credit. Maria now wrote to her father, entreating him to be in no anxiety upon her account, as she was in a likely way of establishing herself advantageously. For some months all went on well: Bradley was more assiduous than ever, and, in this familiar intercourse, contrived to overrule her scruples; and, under the mask of honourable intentions, triumphed in her dishonour. Yet still Maria was the dupe of his professions, and tranquilly waited the time when he promised to make her his wife. One day, when she returned from waiting on a lady, the little girl who waited on her met her at the door, with tears in her eyes. "What is the matter, Fanny?" was her first question. "Oh, Miss Morgan!" replied the poor girl, "I have been frightened to death. Two rude men came here, asking for you; I told them you would be home soon, and they said they would wait; and then they followed me up stairs, and began to rummage all your boxes and drawers, and have thrown all your silks and laces on the floor." Terrified, and filled with astonisment, Maria hurried up to her apartment, and found it exactly as the child had described. "Is your name Maria Morgan?" asked one of the men. "It is," replied Maria, trembling.

"Oh, then, we must take charge of you and these here goods, which have been stolen from the house of Messrs. Twist and Co. by their shopman, James Bradley; and it seems you have received them, knowing them to be stolen."—"I received them, it is true," said Maria, sinking on a chair; "but, as God is my judge, I know not of their being illegally obtained."—"I have nothing to do with that, mistress," answered the officer: "you must go with us to the magistrate, and then we shall see who is to be your judge." A little moved by her tears and agitation, the men offered her the accommodation of a coach. When they arrived at Bow Street, Maria could scarcely support herself. An elderly, respectable looking man accosted her, and begged she would compose herself. "If you have friends, my dear," said he, "send for them. I do not wish to hurt you; and I hope you are innocent. I have recovered my property; and if you are not a voluntary accomplice, you have nothing to fear."—"Where is Bradley?" enquired the terrified girl. "Oh, he has been too keen for us!" replied one of the men, "he has absconded."—"Oh, God!" exclaimed Maria; "he knows my innocence; find him, I entreat you."—"We shall hang him if we do," replied the fellow, with a knowing wink. At this horrible suggestion, Maria uttered a loud shriek, and fell on the floor: they revived her with difficulty; and at length drew from her every particular. Her friends were sent for, and she was generously acquitted by the humane and judicious Mr. G——. But the mind of the wretched victim had sustained a shock which nothing could repair. She was conveyed home, and put to bed in a state of insensibility, from which she recovered only to betray a total deprivation of reason. Her poor distracted father was summoned to town: he bathed her burning hand with his tears; and, kneeling by her bedside, heaped a father's curse on the perfidious villain. He sent for me; but, alas! his misfortune can admit of no immediate relief; resigna-

tion to the will of heaven is all that now remains. The unhappy maniac must be removed to a place of security; and the peaceful grave will, perhaps, soon cover the remains of a wretched, mistaken, and too indulgent parent.

It is thus that the fairest blossoms are blighted by the pestilential breath of contagious vice. The principles are gradually undermined, when there is not sufficient stability to resist the insinuations of vanity; and culpable are the parents who, through pride or avarice, expose their innocent offspring to the pernicious society of a corrupt metropolis, where modesty is exposed to hourly insults, from a set of profligate characters, who, to support an appearance above their rank in life, and to indulge the cravings of a licentious inclination, scruple not to sacrifice honour and honesty to their temporary gratification.

APHORISMS.

WHAT persuades people of little reflection, that happiness is only to be found in the empty dissipation of the great world, is, that they see only the exterior, and that how deceitful! of the coquettes and triflers who form the greater part of the mass. DE GENLIS.

LIFE is often but a fatal gift. The favours of fortune are frail and dangerous. A good education is an inestimable benefit, which can of itself give value to all others, and the place of which nothing can supply.

DE GENLIS.

THE tender feelings of honour and honesty once repulsed, become less obtrusive in their monitions, till at length the most essential principles of morality are regarded as shadowy distinctions. OWEN.

ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON,

A FAMOUS enthusiastic preacher, and pretended prophetess, was born at Lisle, about the year 1616. Nature had bestowed so deformed a body upon this female, that it was some days debated whether she ought to live; for she excited so much disgust in the minds of her beholders, that it was almost thought a duty that her existence should be destroyed. Humanity, however, conquered the disgustful impression, and as she increased in years, her deformity began to subside; and so much did her person improve, that when she arrived at the age of maturity, several proposals were made for her hand.—During childhood many anecdotes are recorded of her, which exceed credibility, and require an uncommon exertion of faith; but certain it is, that she possessed a superiority of understanding, which at an early period of life was displayed. She published a variety of books, filled with the most singular opinions, the most remarkable of which are entitled, "The Light of the World," and the "Testimony of Truth;" in which she maintained, that sense and reason ought to give place to the divine illuminations of faith. She likewise asserted, that when any one was born again, by embracing the doctrines which she taught, that she felt the same degree of torture that a woman does who is giving birth to a child. Accustomed to enthusiastic extasies, or what she called *divine illumination*, she would declare that she beheld the most extraordinary sights; and in one of them she protested that Adam had conversed with her, in the same form in which he appeared before the fall. In her dress and appearance she imitated a hermit, and had a strong antipathy to a married life; but this prejudice may easily be accounted for, as her parents lived very unhappily, and she saw many scenes of domestic strife. Her father was very solicitous that she should marry a young Frenchman, and the wedding-day was actually fixed; but to avoid

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entering into an engagement so repugnant to her feelings, she disguised herself as a hermit, and bid adieu to her home. She travelled through France, Holland, England, and Scotland, disseminating her doctrines wherever she went, and, in the latter place, made a greater number of converts than could either be imagined or believed. Her patrimonial estate at length falling to her, she at first determined to reject it; but at length altered her design:—"First," she said, "because it might not come into the hands of those who had no right to it; secondly, that it might not be possessed by those who would make an ill use of it; and, thirdly, that God had shewn her that she should have occasion for it, for his glory." Her habits were simple; her wants were few: she gave nothing in charity, and therefore her riches increased; and, notwithstanding her deficiency in personal attractions, the fame of her riches made her sought after as a wife; and she was frequently subject to great inconvenience, from the ardent zeal with which her person, or property, was pursued. She is said to have exercised, over servants and dependants, an authority of the most absolute kind; and to have possessed none of those endearing and amiable virtues which that religion she professed herself to have been directed by ought to have inspired.

At length this famous prophetess was accused of sorcery and witchcraft, and she was compelled to make a rapid retreat. She fled into Friesland, where the Baron of Lutsbey granted her his protection; but even to this sanctuary she was pursued. From thence she went into Holland, but in a short time afterwards returned; and, in the year 1680, was attacked by a fatal disorder, which, on the 30th of October, put an end to her life.

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from page 13.)

DOROTHY met me with swoln eyes and dejected countenance, and related the distressing event which had occurred, and at the same time implored me to exert my influence to obtain the young clerk's return; assuring me, that the business would go to rack and ruin, unless he was at the head.

Though neither affection nor passion had banished sleep from my eye-lids, yet I will honestly acknowledge self-interest had; still, had I not indulged the idea that, by proper tuition, the youthful Jane might become an interesting associate, I should not have thought of bartering my happiness for all the wealth of the east: but when I reflected upon the disadvantages she had laboured under, and the favourable impression my person and manners had made upon her youthful mind, I could not help indulging the idea, that a girl of her age might be moulded into whatever form I pleased. The result of this opinion was, a resolution to inform my cousin that I was determined to take his daughter for better for worse, provided she had not entered into a prior engagement with the young clerk.

Having patiently listened to Mrs. Mackintosh's recital of the circumstances which had taken place after my departure the preceding evening, I requested her husband might be made acquainted with my arrival, and asked whether he would admit me into his room. The docile mistress of the house returned in a few moments, informing me my presence was not only welcome, but desirable; I therefore, unceremoniously, entered the sick chamber,

and was shocked at perceiving my relation's countenance either flushed with fever or rage.

"I wish you had been with me last night," said Mackintosh, (without replying to the inquiry I had made, as to the state of his health;) "for, I flatter myself, you would have had spirit enough to have broken that aspiring puppy Donald's neck down stairs."

"Yet, in trying the strength of his neck, my dear sir," I replied, in a jocose accent, "I must have displayed some regard for my own."—"Don't ridicule a serious subject!" exclaimed the invalid, in a tone of indignation; "for, I tell you, the young rascal had the impudence to inform me he would marry my daughter the next morning, if she would accompany him to church; and, if you have a grain of the Mackintosh's spirit in you, surely you would have broken the fellow's neck for such a piece of presumption: particularly recollecting, he was but a parish-boy when I took him into my house."

"I should certainly have been tempted to break his head, had I heard such a declaration escape him, you may depend upon it, my good sir," I replied; "yet surely my fair cousin must have given him some encouragement, or he would not have ventured to make such a speech."

"Encouragement! encouragement!" he exclaimed, almost suffocated with indignation and rage; "by the great God that made me, if I thought it possible, I would annihilate her at one blow!" I was instantly sensible of the error I had committed; but it was long before I could convince my irritated relation I had made use of the term encouragement in mere joke; and, in fact, had not Doctor Montgomery entered at that moment, and gravely informed his patient that the slightest agitation might be of the most fatal consequence, I do not believe the most serious assertions would have been able to abate his rage.

The gravity of Doctor Montgomery's features induced me to follow him out of the sick man's room, for the pur-

pose of inquiring whether any danger was to be apprehended from the fall. The intelligent surgeon assured me that, from the state of his patient's pulse, immediate danger was to be feared; yet, as agitation of mind frequently produced an effect similar to bodily infirmity, the recent passion his patient had been in might probably be the cause; "however," continued the doctor, "I will call again in two hours, and then shall be able to form a more accurate judgment."

Returning to the sick chamber, I implored its inhabitant to release his daughter from her captivity; promising to be guarantee for the propriety of her behaviour, and for her not having an interview with the young clerk. After many arguments and intreaties, the key was drawn from under the pillow; though the precaution of locking the door was wholly unnecessary, as the room in which the prisoner was confined was beyond her father's, and no person could enter it, without passing through the invalid's.

Upon entering the apartment, I found the poor girl weeping dreadfully; in short, sobbing would be a more proper term. I shut the door, and drawing a chair beside her, in a voice of solicitude, inquired into the cause of her tears.

"I have cause enough, sir," replied the blushing captive; "for I am sure I never told Donald I would marry him; to be sure, I could not help feeling under obligations to him, as every thing I know I learned from him."

"Though I admire gratitude, my dear cousin," I replied, tenderly taking the timid girl's hand, "yet recollect, your father paid Donald for the instruction he bestowed upon you, and by that means cancelled the obligation on your side. Yet, tell me candidly, (and rest assured I will not betray the confidence you repose in me,) do you love Donald better than any other man? If you do, I will endeavour to reconcile your father to him, and do every thing in my power to promote your union."

"I would not marry him, sir, if his skin was stuffed

with guineas!" exclaimed the artless girl; "yet I am very sorry at being the innocent cause of his dismissal, for I believe he loves me to the very bottom of his heart; and Peggy says he loves the very ground I tread upon, and cries about me ready to break his heart."

"Peggy tells you all this nonsense, my dear girl, merely to excite your compassion," said I: "but is there any other person you are more partial to?" A blush of the deepest dye suffused her artless countenance, and, upon repeating the question, she burst into a flood of tears. I again took her hand, apologized for the liberty I had taken with her, assuring her it proceeded from a desire of contributing to her happiness, and concluded by informing her, that if she had bestowed her affections upon any young man in the neighbourhood, if his situation in life was respectable, I would endeavour to obtain her father's concurrence. This proposal, instead of lessening, seemed rather to increase her agitation; but our dialogue was put an end to by Mr. Mackintosh loudly vociferating my name. "Are you talking love to my girl?" he exclaimed, "or does she not want to see her poor father, who, for aught she knows, may be a dead man in an hour."

"God forbid, my dear father!" said the affectionate girl, rushing forwards, and throwing down a little table which impeded her passage: then embracing her stern father, with as much affection as if he had been the tenderest of parents, she sobbed with agitation, whilst she threw her arms round his neck.

"I did not think, Jane, you would ever have vexed your poor father in the way you have done, I assure you, my girl," said Mr. Mackintosh, tenderly kissing away the tears as they fell from her sapphire eyes. The poor girl protested she would rather die than give him the slightest cause of uneasiness; and, perceiving the tender scene was as likely to be injurious to my relation, as the violent one which had taken place the preceding evening, I intreated him to endeavour to compose himself, and court the aid of sleep.

He promised to follow my injunction, on condition that I would go into the compting-house, and have an eye over those lazy rascals, as he termed the clerks. My astonishment was great, at perceiving Donald quietly seated at his desk. "I understood," said I, "Mr. Mackintosh had discharged you, and given positive orders for you not to appear on his premises."—"That he has done five hundred times, sir," replied Donald; "but I should be lost to every sense of gratitude, were I to leave him at this present moment; I have this day received no less than five and fifty thousand pounds for him, which I am now going to lodge in the bank."—"You are worthy the trust which has been reposed in you, Donald," said I, clapping the young man upon the shoulder; "but you were very wrong in avowing an attachment to the daughter of your only friend and benefactor: for to attempt seducing the affections of an artless young creature, like Miss Mackintosh, I consider as a crime of the blackest ingratitude."

"I never attempted to seduce her affections, sir," replied Donald; "yet I acknowledge that I love her with my whole heart and soul."—"Say rather," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "that you love the fortune you know she will be mistress of; but you ought to recollect, that such a fortune entitles that young lady to aspire to the first nobleman in the kingdom." Donald was too much disconcerted by the justice of my observations, to make any reply; but, opening an iron closet, began counting out the money he was going to pay into the banker's hands. I resolved, however, if possible, to discover whether the fair damsel had actually encouraged his addresses; for though I consider a jealous husband as a despicable being, yet, I confess, I should not like the idea of uniting myself to a princess, if I thought she had a prior attachment.

The result of our conversation, however, proved favourable to my wishes; as Donald acknowledged that Jane had never permitted him to take a greater freedom than that of kissing her hand; and that, even in obtaining this

indulgence, he was generally obliged to the intercession of the servant-maid.

That a girl totally uneducated should have such innate ideas of female delicacy, struck me as extraordinary, and convinced me of the native purity of her mind, and induced me unhesitatingly to resolve to make proposals to her father; believing that she was formed by nature to make an amiable and affectionate wife. My situation in life was such, as to support a portionless wife in comfort; yet a fine lady, according to the general acceptation of the term, I had predetermined never to associate my destiny with; for I had seen too much misery arise from that total neglect of domestic duties, which characterizes the females of the present age. Different occupations and pursuits are attached to the opposite sexes; and a woman might as well expect to enjoy the sunshine of prosperity with a gamester, as a man to reap the fruits of industry and application, unless his wife paid scrupulous attention to the arrangement of domestic provinces, and superintended the family concerns. That my fair cousin had been early initiated into this duty, did not admit of a doubt; on that score, therefore, I was perfectly easy; but I saw the necessity of mental improvement, and resolved, if my overtures were accepted, to place her under the immediate protection of a lady of my acquaintance, whose informed mind and polished manner could not fail of proving advantageous to the docile girl.

Full of these ideas, I remained near three hours absent from the invalid, until summoned into the parlour by Peggy, who informed me Doctor M. wished to speak with me. "I am sorry to tell you, sir," said he, "that my patient is in imminent danger; the wound, which in itself appeared trifling, has assumed an unexpected appearance; whether it proceeds from a natural bad habit of body, or whether from the patient's irritability of disposition, is of course immaterial; but I think it is necessary he should be made acquainted with his real situation, as a man engaged

in such a multiplicity of monied transactions, must have many temporal concerns to arrange. His eternal ones, I hope, have not been neglected; although, to outward appearance, they have seldom occupied his thoughts."

At the conclusion of this speech, my heart seemed to sink within me. "Great God!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "what are all the anxieties, all the cares of this world, compared with the sweet consolation which is derived from an approving conscience at the moment when the scene of busy life is closing upon us?"

Though I made Doctor Montgomery acquainted with the near relationship which subsisted between myself and his patient, yet I informed him that all intercourse between us had been suspended for a number of years; and, in fact, that when I left Glasgow, I was merely a boy; therefore intreated him to take upon himself the painful office of making Mr. Mackintosh acquainted with his situation. The benevolent man unhesitatingly complied with my solicitation, and reascended the stairs, informing me, if my presence was necessary, he would twice pull the bell. I awaited the summons with a trepidation of feeling, which it would be impossible to describe; and near half an hour elapsed before I received it, but when I did, I obeyed it with alacrity.

"My dear friend," said the invalid, extending his hand towards me, "surely Providence, in mercy, sent you to relieve my mind: my kind bodily physician has candidly informed me that my life is in a precarious state, therefore I have no time to waste; every moment is precious; then candidly tell me, will you become the protector of my child?"

"Most willingly," I replied; "and as I fulfil the sacred trust reposed in me, so may God bless me through life."—"But," continued he, interrupting me, "will you marry my Jane?"—That must depend upon her own inclination; I assure you, on my honour, I have no prior attachment; and from the little I have seen of my amiable cousin, I

could venture to enter into that sacred engagement at this moment."

"I bless thee, O my God!" exclaimed the delighted father, clasping his hands together, and raising his eyes to Heaven, "let my girl be summoned here, that we may hear her determination in the presence of the doctor."—The artless girl entered the apartment, wholly unconscious of the business which summoned her, when her father, tenderly taking her hand, informed her he was going to settle his worldly affairs; adding, that Doctor Montgomery had candidly told him, serious consequences were to be apprehended from the accident.

The affectionate girl heard this intelligence with the liveliest emotion; and throwing herself on her knees before the physician, implored him to exert his skill. At that affecting moment, she actually appeared to me the most interesting female I had ever beheld. I considered this a proper time for explaining my future intentions; and, after endeavouring to inspire hope in her breast, I said, that if it was the will of heaven to deprive her of a father, in me she would ever find a zealous protector, and an affectionate friend.

Though the artless girl's face was overspread with the blush of native modesty, yet it was evident that the declaration I had made was far from displeasing; and when her father inquired whether she would consent to regard me as her future husband, she unhesitatingly replied, "Yes, that I will."

Doctor Montgomery, however, with the prudence and foresight of a man wholly uninterested, advised, that two years should elapse before the ceremony took place; and recommended, during that time, my fair cousin should receive those advantages of education, of which, it was evident, she stood in need; kindly offering not only to become her guardian, but one of Mr. Mackintosh's trustees. This proposal was received with the liveliest expressions of gratitude on the part of the dying man, who immediately

ordered the attorney to be sent for, who some years back had made his will, and a merchant of the name of Douglass, whom, in that instrument, he had appointed sole guardian to Jane.

Doctor Montgomery and Mr. Douglass were the only persons present, during the drawing up of this final settlement, as I had designedly made business with the friend at whose house I was staying, an excuse for absenting myself; but I had scarcely reached his house, when the idea of Donald's fidelity occurred to me, and induced me to hasten back. Apologizing for my intrusion, I intreated my relation to bury all resentment against that young man, and recollect how many years he had served him with zeal and fidelity, and how justly he was entitled to some reward for his trouble.

"Name him not! name him not!" exclaimed the sick man, elevating his voice to the highest pitch. "My dear sir," said I, "how can you expect to receive forgiveness, if you refuse it to a fellow-creature for so natural an offence?" I then pointed out the manner in which I had found him occupied in the morning, and implored my relation to leave him some positive proof of his regard. After a pause of some moments, "Well," said he to the attorney, "put Donald down for five hundred pounds."—"O, my dear sir!" I replied, "do make it one thousand, or fifteen hundred."—"Well, well; then let it be a thousand."—"And the five hundred!" I exclaimed, "pray divide amongst your other clerks."—"Be it so then, my good fellow," he added; "but make haste, Mr. Griffiths, and arrange those matters of greater concern, for I feel myself growing faint; the pain in my head is intolerable, and I wish a clergyman to be sent for without loss of time."

In the will it was necessary to make but little alteration, as Mr. Mackintosh had left the bulk of his fortune to his child, except twenty thousand pounds in funded property, the interest of which was yearly to be devoted to the set-

ting up four industrious young men in trade. To his widow he had left five hundred a year, which, at her decease was to be divided between four of her nephews; and to each of his own near relations the same sum. Distant as I was from him, I had been particularly remembered; but that part the attorney was ordered to erase; and in case his daughter changed her mind, or I formed a new engagement at the end of two years, I was to receive twenty thousand pounds.

Such was the tenour of this extraordinary man's last testament: the clergyman, who had been previously sent for, then entered the apartment; and I had the satisfaction of observing that he not only prayed with real fervour, but great composure of mind. On the following day the symptoms became more alarming, and his senses were no longer clear; he repeatedly called for me and his daughter, though we were each near him; and at twelve at night expired without a groan.

The grief of both wife and daughter was unfeigned and affecting; the one declared he had been the kindest of fathers, and the other the best of husbands. To me, who had witnessed what struck me as savage barbarity, these terms appeared wholly inexplicable; but the truth I conclude to be, there was a roughness of manner unconnected with cruelty or unkindness of disposition.

Upon investigating the property, it was discovered that my relation had amassed the immense sum of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds: yet all his affairs were arranged with such clearness and perspicuity, that his executors had little or no trouble. After the last sad ceremony was paid to my generous relation, I proposed to my intended, her residing with the lady I have before named; when, with a sweetness which at the moment rendered her irresistably charming, she said, she would go any where, or do any thing, that could render her worthy of becoming my wife; and as she was truly sensible of the disadvan-

tages she laboured under, the first wish of her heart was to cultivate her mind.

Behold me then, gentle reader, in the act of extending my tour; having placed my fair cousin under the protection of an amiable and accomplished instructress, who will experience a secret satisfaction in fostering her native virtues, and conquering her defects.

(To be continued.)

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 18.)

MRS. COLVILLE TO LORD COLVILLE.

At Fladong's Hotel, Oxford Street.

I HAVE not allowed a single post to intervene, my beloved Edward, without acknowledging the receipt of your interesting letter; interesting, indeed, when the happiness of my dear son appears, in great measure, to depend upon the intelligence it is to impart.

It seems, my Edward, as if an intuitive impulse separately influenced our feelings and sensations; and that, though divided by an immense distance, our souls imbibed each other's thoughts. I had also heard, that the valuable heart of Lady Charlotte Clements had been bestowed upon some happy individual; yet as her correspondence was confined to the countess, Mrs. Douglass, and your sister, I began to entertain doubts of the truth of that report. I had still stronger reasons for encouraging that opinion, as, from the moment you quitted the castle, her ladyship's spirits evidently became depressed; she sought solitude—avoided even my company, and, for hours together, amused herself with painting in her own apartment. This mode of

conduct, in a young woman so completely polished as Lady Charlotte, struck me as very extraordinary; and I resolved, if possible, to discover what subject so entirely occupied her pencil. I had long watched for an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity, and a few days back it occurred; for your favourite Pompey was suddenly seized with the cramp in his stomach, and we all thought the poor animal would immediately breathe his last. The attack was so sudden, that all the servants flew to his assistance, and Susan rushed into Lady Charlotte's room, exclaiming, "Oh, my lady, poor Pompey is dying; do come and take a peep at him before he goes!" The surprise was so sudden, that the dear girl left her employment without the usual precaution of locking the *porte-fenille;* and, perceiving the poor thing writhing with torture, recommended to put him into a warm bath. The remedy proved propitious, and Pompey was restored to ease in a few minutes; but as her ladyship had been the physician, she undertook to superintend your little favourite. Accident carried me up stairs during this period; and perceiving the dear girl's chamber door open, I unhesitatingly entered, approached the drawings, and beheld a most striking resemblance of my Edward. With precaution I quitted the apartment, and hastily rejoined the group, in so short a period, that my absence had not been remarked.

Confirmed in the opinion, that no prior attachment existed in this amiable young woman's bosom, I resolved to mention my wish of seeing you married, in the most unequivocal terms; and that very evening a favourable opportunity occurring, I introduced the subject which is nearest my heart. Her intelligent countenance was instantly suffused with a glow of crimson, and was as suddenly overspread with a pallid hue. "I understood," said she, with evident embarrassment, "Lord Colville's hand had been engaged to Miss Pemberton."

"From whom, my dear Lady Charlotte," I inquired, "could you have received that piece of intelligence? for I

am persuaded Edward had never any serious thoughts of the lady in question; and until very lately, I am convinced, the whole sex were equally indifferent."

I laid a particular emphasis on the term, very lately; on which she hastily turned her expressive eyes towards me with an inquiring glance; then directing them towards the floor, she said, in a low accent, "Whoever is happy enough to inspire Lord Colville with affection, must be a fortunate woman."

"Do you really think so, my dearest girl!" I impatiently demanded, tenderly taking her hand. She paused some moments, as if fancying she had been too explicit, and then replied, "Why should you doubt my veracity, my dear madam?"

"You read the scriptures, I am persuaded," I rejoined, "and doubtless remember what the prophet Nathan said to David." She put her hands before her face, burst into a flood of tears, and implored me not to despise her weakness.

"Despise your weakness, dearest Lady Charlotte! I admire, I glory in the ingenuousness of your heart; and now allow me to say, that my son's future happiness is wholly placed in your hands."

I found some difficulty in persuading the dear girl she had not deviated from that delicacy which is at once the pride and ornament of our sex; and had not your letter seasonably arrived, which I unhesitatingly put into her hands for her perusal, I know not how far she might have been carried by the purity of her sentiments. The conversation, however, which passed between us, you are not to appear to have the slightest knowledge of; but come to us, my beloved Edward, without delay; yet, previous to your quitting the metropolis, wait upon the countess, who, I am persuaded, will receive your proposals with satisfaction and joy.

Oh, my son, how peculiarly have we been favoured by Providence! Never, I conjure you, forget the great source

from whom you derive such an unexpected succession of human bliss; and, above all things, never allow that cup which overflows with earthly blessings, to have the bitter gall of ingratitude mixed with it. Pride and presumption are, I know, strangers to your bosom, yet, as a succession of fortunate occurrences have produced a change, in the most amiable dispositions, I cannot avoid endeavouring to guard you against those failings to which human creatures are naturally prone.

Monday night.

I had proceeded thus far, when I was interrupted by the sight of an equipage driving up the avenue; the sable appearance of the domestics instantly struck me that it was the Pemberttons. A thousand maternal fears instantly crowded upon my imagination, lest my beloved Louisa's indisposition should be the source of this unexpected visit; the colour forsook my face, my knees smote each other, and I found myself unable to quit the chair; but my anxiety was quickly removed, (though the nervous sensation was not so easily conquered) by seeing the dear girl spring out of the carriage. She was followed by Mrs. Pemberton and Ellen; our interview, as you may imagine, was truly affecting. The moment I could quit the room, I hastened to my closet, and poured out the effusions of my heart to the Divine Author of all my blessings: for oh, my Edward, of what value to me would be fortune, without the society of my beloved children.

Mrs. Pemberton's sister has had a recent stroke of the palsy, and she is going to spend a few weeks with her, in consequence of which, during that period, poor Ellen is to remain at the castle. Poor Ellen! I may with truth term her; for never did I behold such an alteration as has taken place in the appearance of that too susceptible girl. Amiable as I have always considered sensibility in young people, yet it actually loses all its attractive qualities when carried to excess; and Ellen Pemberton, by the indulgence of it, afflicts the hearts of her fond parents, and is actually

destroying her own health. The loss of a beloved friend is doubtless a severe trial, but is such a one as, according to the common course of nature, we are all destined to encounter: "The Lord gave, and he has a right to deprive us of them," and it is our duty to submit to his ordinations. Yet, not to grieve, would be not to know the value of such an inestimable treasure; it is only the immoderate indulgence of sorrow that can be displeasing to God; this world we know to be a state of probation, and if we neither exert our fortitude, or virtue, how can we expect to receive their reward.

But, my dear son, I am wandering into a moralizing labyrinth, and extending my epistle to an enormous length; I will therefore change the subject, and inform you, that if your sister had not accidentally returned, I should certainly have complied with your request. Your friend Barker was amusing himself in the park, assisting the men in the new plantation, when Mrs. Pemberton arrived; and being unacquainted with the family arms, though he perceived a carriage in the court-yard, he merely inquired whether the possessor of it was a friend of Lady Charlotte's or mine. William having answered the question, he directed his steps towards the library, and never did I behold astonishment and joy more strikingly depictured, than when, upon entering the apartment, he perceived your sister seated by my side.

"Do my eyes deceive me!" he exclaimed, as he approached her; "or have I really the happiness of seeing Miss Colville? Suffer me to usurp the privilege of friendship," continued he, pressing the dear girl's extended hand to his lips.

I attentively watched the countenance of my Louisa, and am persuaded Barker is not altogether indifferent to her; her face was dyed with vermillion, yet I did not perceive the slightest symptom of displeasure; and the day passed on with greater chearfulness than I had expected. Mrs. P——— evidently made great exertion not to cast a

gloom over the young peoples' pleasure; but Ellen spent the greater part of it in her own apartment, and it was with difficulty your sister prevailed with her to join us at the dinner hour.

Upon entering the breakfast-parlour the next morning, I perceived a large packet with a coronet lying upon the table, which Barker at the moment had put out of his hand. "I implore you, my dear madam," said he, with the greatest earnestness, "to peruse that letter, or rather letters, immediately; I know the arms, and my fate, I fear, hangs upon it, for I have been expecting its arrival several days." It was, as I likewise expected, a full declaration from Lord D——ford; I read it with great composure, and then put it into your friend's hand.

"That I love your daughter, madam," said he, endeavouring to compose his feelings, "I flatter myself you are persuaded; but, alas! I can only offer her competence and independence; for I hope it will be long before I can offer her the distinction of rank. Lord D——ford's proposals are such as I am certain must meet your approbation, and particularly as his character is unblemished; I have therefore only to regret having cherished an affection, which it is my duty, as a man of honour, never to divulge to the being who inspired it."

As he came to the close of this speech his voice faultered, and, to prevent the interruption of servants, I beckoned him to follow me into the garden, where I assured him, that so far was it from my wish to bias my daughter in favour of Lord D——ford, that I was concerned at receiving such generous proposals; and that, at any rate, as Louisa was to be the sole arbitress of her own destiny, he was at full liberty to offer her his hand. Never was joy more strikingly depictured than on the countenance of that excellent young man; he pressed my hand to his bosom, called me his guardian angel, and, in fact, played a thousand lover-like pranks. After breakfast I gave Louisa Lord D——ford's letter, without fully apprizing her of its con-

tent's, merely saying, as I presented it, that I intreated her neither to be guided by the allurements of fortune, or rank; then adding, I had letters of consequence to write immediately, and requesting I might not be interrupted by any of the servants.

It is about two hours since I gave the dear girl the letter, and a few minutes back I saw her enter the alcove; Barker had evidently been watching for an opportunity of finding her alone, for he has followed, and I now behold them seated in the alcove. This is a trying moment for my beloved, and scarcely less so for her fond parent. May the Almighty direct her conduct so as to insure her future happiness. If I do not see you, my beloved son, in the course of a few days, you may expect a full description of what your sister's decision produces; but with such a magnet as Lady Charlotte Clements at the castle, I think I shall not have occasion to apply to my pen.

Adieu, my Edward, may every blessing attend you, is the ardent prayer of

Your fondly attached mother,

L. COLVILLE.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A NOVEL.

CHAP. I.

MR. HOLLINGSBY began the world with the most favourable prospects, and in a mercantile concern, of which he was admitted to a share at an early age, realized a considerable fortune. Unable to enjoy his advantages unparticipated, being of a social disposition, he resolved on marrying; and, having no contemptible opinion of his own personal attractions, he did not consider himself too presumptuous in aspiring to the hand of an earl's daughter, whose beauty and rank rendered her an object of desire to

many unsuccessful suitors. Hollingsby, though a young man of good understanding and unblemished character, could not boast that delicate refinement of sentiment which chastens affection, nor was he endowed with that penetrative judgment which sees beyond the surface of things. Lady Jemima was handsome, accomplished, and a peeress; he would be an object of envy to all his associates; and conjugal felicity, established on such a basis, could not be doubted. The parents of the young lady, wearied with the repeated solicitations which assailed them on all sides, did not withhold their consent; but candidly acknowledged their inability to act with the liberality which might be expected. The young lover, eager to prove his disinterestedness, made no scruple of settling on Lady Jemima the whole of her own fortune; and the wedding was solemnized with all due splendor. Under these circumstances, Hollingsby felt it both just and necessary to launch into a wider sphere than that in which he had hitherto moved, and accordingly their establishment was made suitable to the rank and expectations of Lady Jemima. About a twelvemonth after their marriage, one of Mr. Hollingsby's earliest friends dying, bequeathed to his protection an only child, requesting him to educate him in whatever manner he thought most eligible, and consigning to his care five thousand pounds, as the fortune of young Sidney, at the period of his becoming of age. Theodore was just twelve years of age when his father died, and had received the first rudiments of education at Winchester school, where Mr. Hollingsby judged it expedient to let him remain a few years longer, as it was his intention to place him in his own counting-house at a proper age.

During one of the vacations, when Sidney was on a visit to his guardian, Lady Jemima presented to him her infant daughter, then eighteen months old; Theodore expressed great delight at the sight of the beautiful little creature, and, pressing it fondly in his arms, called it his little wife. "No, Theodore," said Lady Jemima, rather gravely, "Cor-

nelia must marry a gentleman."—"And shall not I be a gentleman?"—"No, you will be only a merchant!" Mr. Hollingsby coloured, but said nothing. "I thought my guardian was a gentleman; who then are gentlemen?"—"Persons of dignified birth, and officers in the army and navy."—"Then I will be an officer!"—"Nonsense," cried Hollingsby, peevishly, "you shall be what your father was before you; there is no character more respectable than that of a British merchant." Lady Jemima turned her head aside, to conceal a smile of contempt; and this short dialogue, so trivial in itself, laid the foundation of much subsequent vexation. Hollingsby, no longer blinded by vanity, which had cost him dear, began to perceive that the extravagance of his lady, which knew no bounds, was likely to exhaust resources which he had hitherto thought inexhaustible; he once or twice hinted to Lady Jemima, that as she had condescended to become a merchant's wife, he hoped she would think it no degradation to limit her expences within the bounds that propriety dictated. But to all those hints Lady Jemima turned a deaf ear, or assailed Hollingsby in turn with such unconquerable arguments, as overpowered his better judgment, and drew him again into habits of luxury and profusion.

As the little Cornelia advanced in years, the important charge of her education was intrusted to a governess, recommended by a family of the first consequence, and masters of every kind were engaged, to instruct her in all the branches of fashionable accomplishments. Her delighted father witnessed her improvement with pleasure, and secretly determined, notwithstanding the opposition of his lady, that Cornelia should be united to his amiable ward. Some particular business requiring the presence of Mr. Hollingsby at Madrid, and being, at the time the account reached him, confined with a severe attack of the gout, he resolved on sending Theodore to act in his place, as a sort of intuition into the grand arcana of commercial knowledge. Sidney was delighted with the idea of the

voyage, and particularly gratified by the confidence which his guardian reposed in him. Being already nineteen years of age, he had been recalled from school, and resided wholly with the family of Mr. Hollingsby, where his engaging manners and unassuming disposition endeared him to every one. Cornelia, though a mere child, was never so pleased as when he was inventing pastimes for her amusement, and took little pleasure in the acquisition of any accomplishment, unless encouraged by the praises of her dear Theodore. Mr. Hollingsby beheld this growing attachment with extreme satisfaction; it was the most ardent wish of his heart that they should be united, and he no sooner conceived the plan than he imparted it to Sidney, assuring him, at the same time, that any objection on his side would give him the deepest affliction. Theodore, however, had no objection to make; he considered the wishes, or commands, of Hollingsby, as sacred as those of a father, and looked for no happiness greater than that promised him. After receiving the necessary instructions, Sidney departed, highly elated with the prospects before him, and with a sanguine mind anticipating felicity unbounded.

Hollingsby had a deeper view in this arrangement, than the open-hearted Sidney had any idea of. Several severe losses, the expensive style in which he lived, and the unbounded extravagance of Lady Jemima, had so deeply drained his resources, that, to support the credit of his house, he had, in an unguarded moment, made free with the fortune of Sidney; and although he considered it but a loan, which the tide of affairs would soon enable him to return, he found, to his infinite mortification, that restitution was not quite so easy as he imagined. Lady Jemima, who beheld the impending ruin which her own folly and extravagance was bringing upon her family, instead of submitting to necessary retrenchments, openly expressed her contempt of her husband, and regretted that she had so foolishly thrown herself away. Hollingsby, who could not

but be conscious that he had the worst of the bargain, replied with acrimony, and the most violent altercation ensued; in which Lady Jemima so completely wounded the feelings of her husband, that a separation was agreed on. It is possible that some slight remains of affection on both sides might have produced a reconciliation, had not the angry passions of Lady Jemima been productive of fatal consequences; as it was, she fell the victim of intemperate resentment, and three days after the premature birth of a second daughter, expired in the arms of her still affectionate husband. The feelings of nature at first prevailed, and Hollingsby mourned the loss of his lady with sincere regret; the infant survived her but a short time, and the afflicted widower derived consolation only from the caresses of his remaining hope, the lovely Cornelia.

Time having ameliorated his grief, he turned all his thoughts to the situation of his daughter; she was now fifteen, inheriting all her mother's personal charms, with too much of her levity. Hollingsby saw this with pain; three years must still intervene, before she could with propriety be united to his ward; and how to dispose of her till that period he was at a loss to determine, as he could not with propriety suffer her to remain at his own house, without the sanction of maternal protection; neither could he endure the thought of sending her to a public seminary, where he feared every little folly would be nursed into a vice. The embarrassed state of his own affairs also gave him much uneasiness, and he deeply regretted the foolish infatuation which had induced him to sacrifice his fortune and his integrity at the shrine of fashionable dissipation; for Hollingsby, seduced by the example of his lady, and her titled associates, had blindly sacrificed to the goddess Chance, and, like most of her votaries, was unable to resist her fascinations, even though she strove to awe him with her frowns. Amongst all the intimacies formed by Lady Jemima, there was only one person on whom the thoughts of Hollingsby could rest, as a suitable connection

for his daughter, and this was the widow of an officer, who resided at Richmond. Mrs. Montague was an elegant and accomplished woman, and a person of reserved and domestic habits; she had one daughter about the age of Cornelia; and, as they lived in a very retired manner, Hollingsby immediately wrote to Mrs. Montague, requesting her to undertake the protection of his daughter for a short time, until he had made such arrangements as he judged necessary for her future establishment.

The Earl and Countess of ———, had shewn so much arrogance towards Hollingsby, that he had long since dropped all intercourse with them; therefore, he would not apply to them on the present occasion. Mrs. Montague accepted the offer with pleasure; and in a few days Cornelia removed to Richmond, where she experienced the kindest attentions from her young friend Harriet, whose gentle disposition, and innocent cheerfulness, soon engaged the esteem and confidence of the lively and ingenuous Cornelia. Mrs. Montague, who laboured under extreme ill health, and concealed mental anguish, found her spirits revived by the playful vivacity of her young visitor, and exerted herself to the utmost, to render her residence agreeable. The return of Sidney from Madrid gave great satisfaction to Hollingsby: the business had been properly adjusted by the prudent management of Theodore, and the affairs of his guardian again wore a favourable aspect.

CHAP. II.

In young and tender minds, habit frequently anticipates the maturity of reason, and supplies its deficiency. *Looker On.*

Soon after the return of Sidney, his guardian, with fond exultation, took him to see his destined bride. Theodore was much struck with the improved appearance of Cor-

nelia; and the pleasing emotion visible in his countenance was easily accounted for by the anxious father. Harriet, however, being less interested, was a more penetrative observer. In the midst of the rapture with which Sidney gazed on the lovely form of Cornelia, a secret anxiety seemed to cloud his expressive brow; and the rapid variations of his complexion from red to pale, betrayed an agitation which she was at a loss to account for. Theodore paid his compliments with easy politeness; and during the remainder of the evening, seemed wholly engrossed by Cornelia, who sung, laughed, and chatted with her accustomed sprightliness; and from that day Sidney was a constant theme of discourse to Cornelia, who, having been apprized of her father's intentions, considered it unnecessary to observe any restraint with her friend; and candidly avowed her approbation of Sidney, and the pleasure she took in his society. Harriet readily joined in his praises; but with a more reflecting mind, cautioned her against giving way to the impressions produced by the habit of constant intercourse, which might deceive her as to her real sentiments. Cornelia was, however, too much delighted by the novel sensation she felt, to doubt the continuance of it; she, therefore, shut her eyes against conviction, and was firmly persuaded that she felt for Theodore the most fervent and sincere passion.

Sidney eagerly availed himself of every hour which he could spare from business, to visit Richmond; and as Mr. Hollingsby could not always accompany him, the young people had opportunities of conversing with each other in a more unrestrained manner than they could otherwise have done. Sidney perceived, with some anxiety, that Cornelia possessed a great share of levity; but, viewing her with a partial eye, he deemed it the mere effervescence of youthful vivacity, and yielded to the impulse of a generous passion, which draws a veil over the indiscretions of a beloved object. Cornelia, conscious of her power, would occasionally suffer the dictates of caprice to over-

rule her better judgment: yet though she would at times attempt to tyrannize over the captive her charms had secured, a word, or a look of kindness from her, had power to tranquillize every emotion of his susceptible mind.

One day Mr. Hollingsby came unexpectedly to dinner: after the first salutations, he said to Mrs. Montague, "I fear, madam, you will place an unfavourable construction on what I am about to say; but I beg you to rely on my word, that, in removing Cornelia from your maternal care, I feel assured that I cannot place her in better hands." Mrs. Montague looked surprised; Cornelia turned pale; and Sidney, who had not been apprized of his intention, looked anxiously in his face. Mr. Hollingsby then drew a letter from his pocket, and, presenting it to Cornelia, said, "There, my dear, you will find the motive which induces me to remove you from these kind friends." Cornelia anxiously opened the letter, and read the contents with visible surprise and pleasure. It was from the only sister of Mr. Hollingsby, who was lately returned from the continent: the contents apprised him of the death of her husband, Sir William Clerville, and she entreated her brother to indulge her with the society of Cornelia, to alleviate the gloom of her present situation. This proposal would not have been so very agreeable to Miss Hollingsby, had not her eager eye previously observed the post mark was Bath, a place she had long been desirous of visiting, and which she pictured to herself a scene of fashionable enchantment; "Oh, I should like it of all things!" exclaimed Cornelia: then checking herself, she added, "but I hope my dear Mrs. Montague will not think me ungrateful; I shall ever retain the most lively sense of her goodness, and the affection of my dearest Harriet; but as duty to my aunt, and inclination to see a little of the world, dictate my choice, I trust they will forgive me for deserting them." With these words she embraced them fondly; and the winning insinuation of her manner, rendered it impossible to be offended. Harriet smiled, though with tears in her eyes,

and looking significantly at Sidney, said; "It would be selfish in us to wish your detention; but what will our friend Theodore say? will he forgive you for deserting him?"—"Oh!" replied Cornelia, gaily, "you must amuse him as well as you can; for, perhaps, I may take it into my giddy head to set my cap at the Bath beaux."—"Then you must come home to have it set right again," observed Sidney, colouring. "And you would not be jealous, I suppose?" asked Cornelia, archly.

"Sidney has too much sense to be jealous without a cause," said Mr. Hollingsby.

"And Cornelia, I hope, too much honour to be a coquette," added Theodore, with a serious look and a deep sigh.

Miss Hollingsby cast down her eyes, and was silent a moment.

"But agreeable trifling is allowable, you know, Sidney." —"To trifle with the feelings of another, can never be agreeable to a woman of delicacy."—"Bless me, Theodore, you grow quite sententious; but I see the mention of my going has put you out of humour."

"Well, well, child!" cried Hollingsby, "that is very excuseable; but now I have to tell you, that your preparations for departure must be arranged expeditiously, for my old friend Millington is travelling down with his sister, Miss Juanna; and as I cannot just now spare time to escort you, I shall place you under her care."—"Oh, that is delightful!" cried Cornelia, "I shall have a companion on my journey."

"Not a very pleasant one, I fear," replied Hollingsby; "for Miss Millington has all the peculiarities of an old maid, with a more than usual share of ill humour. They will set off the day after to-morrow; therefore, you may as well come to sleep at home the night preceding your departure."

After dinner, as they were walking in the garden, Sidney took an opportunity of conversing apart with Cornelia,

on the subject of her excursion to Bath, but without evincing any particular reluctance against her going. "Really, Sidney," said she, laughing, "you are a most unlover like lover: there are some sighing swains, who, with half the alarming threats I have thrown out, would have worried themselves into an outrageous fit of jealousy by anticipation."

"Jealousy! could you imagine me susceptible of such an unworthy passion?"

"Certainly; if I could suppose you susceptible of love: perhaps you are invulnerable to the attacks of any passion."

"It is the erroneous opinion of your sex, in general, Miss Hollingsby, that love cannot exist without jealousy: it is an opinion I would wish you to discard."

"And rest contented with philosophical indifference, I suppose?"

"You are too hasty in your conclusions. Believe me, none but very vain women wish to inspire their lovers with jealousy: no female, possessed of a generous mind, and good understanding, could be gratified with seeing a man make himself ridiculous."

"Pretty arguments! So you could endure to have half a dozen rivals without a murmur: I wonder which would make you appear most ridiculous?"

"You are wrong," replied Sidney, impressively, "had I *one* real rival, I would withdraw my claim, or at least insist on an immediate decision: had I half a dozen rivals, I should despise the woman who made herself so contemptible; and without cause, I must be a fool or a madman to be jealous."

"I begin to think that you are more reasonable than I imagined; yet I cannot altogether give up my opinion, that jealousy is a proof of affection."

"Such a proof as you would not desire of a husband, I presume?'

"Certainly not: jealousy then becomes suspicion, and that would be dreadful."

"Then believe me, Cornelia, those who wantonly give cause for jealousy, seldom fail in the end to give cause for suspicion."

"Yet still I have my doubts, at times, Sidney."

"Of what?" Cornelia blushed and hesitated.

"Of your regard—of your stability."

"Dearest Cornelia," cried he, ardently, "doubt not my love—my sincere affection."

"Then why so inconsistent at times, Theodore. You seem frequently lost in thought; and when I am most cheerful, you seem most depressed. Harriet has observed to me, that since she has known you, you are materially altered: tell me, have you any secret uneasiness which preys upon your mind?" Sidney appeared embarrassed; and vainly attempted to remove her suspicions.

"Well," said she, gaily, "I will not press you now; but remember you must have no reserves when we are married." At these words Sidney started, and let fall the hand he had just before taken. "Why, what ails you now, Theodore?" exclaimed Cornelia, much astonished. "Whenever our marriage is named, your countenance changes, and you look just like a stage-struck hero. You are a strange creature, Sidney."—"I am, indeed," replied he; "and you will think me stranger still, when I acknowledge myself to be the dupe of superstition. How old are you?"—"I shall be eighteen next month."—"And at the expiration of two years we are to be married. But who knows what may happen in the course of that time? many strange and dreadful events."

"Bless me, Sidney, you terrify me; how pale you look; dear Theodore, what makes you tremble thus?"

Sidney, fearful of alarming her, conquered his emotion; and Cornelia, with much tenderness of heart, assured him, that if her purposed journey gave him any uneasiness, she would immediately relinquish all thoughts of the kind. "No, no," cried Sidney, hastily; "It would grieve me to deprive you of this long-desired gratification. Go, Corne-

lia, and see the world, or rather the panorama of it; for the glare of fashion throws a false light on every object, and renders the exterior captivating."

At that moment they were joined by the rest of the party, and the conversation became general. Mr. Hollingsby rallied Theodore on his dejection, and promised him his permission to correspond with Cornelia; a promise which appeared to give him much satisfaction. They soon after parted for the evening.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XVIII.

Reliques of Robert Burns. Consisting of Original Letters, Poems, and Critical Observations on Scottish Songs. Cadell and Davies, Strand.

THIS volume must prove interesting to every reader of taste. The letters are written with all that ease and animation which distinguishes genius; the miscellanies are copied from the author's common-place book; and prove him to be a man of sentiment and observation, as well as enthusiasm. The poetry of Burns needs no eulogium. We subjoin the following extracts:—

"I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on a correspondence with an amiable fine woman, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have more than once had the honour of being: but why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, without running his head against an intrigue? Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love, and add to it the generous, the honorable sentiments of friendship; and I know but *one* more delightful morsel which few in any rank ever

taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries—it not only gives the fruit a more exquisite flavour, but has a peculiar richness of its own."

* * * *

"I mentioned to you my letter to Dr. Moore, giving an account of my life; it is truth, every word of it; and will give you the just idea of a man whom you have honoured with your friendship. I wish you to see me *as I am*. I am as most people of my trade are, a strange *Will-o-Wisp* being, the victim too frequently of much imprudence and many foilies. My great constituent elements are pride and passion. The first I have endeavoured to humanize into integrity and honour; the last makes me a devotee to the warmest degree of enthusiasm, in love, religion, or friendship; either of them, or altogether, as I happen to be inspired."

* * * *

"Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things, religion. 'Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret.' I will lay before you the outlines of my belief. He, who is our author and preserver, and will one day be our judge, must be (not for his sake in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts,) the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is Almighty and all-bounteous; we are weak and dependent; hence prayer, and every other sort of devotion. 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life:' consequently, it must be in every one's power to embrace his offer of 'everlasting life;' otherwise he could not, in justice, condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does not *merit* heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining 'everlasting life:' hence the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable, exclude themselves from eternal

bliss, by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this, for wise and good ends, best known to himself, into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great personage, whose relation to him we cannot comprehend; but whose relation to us is a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways, and by various means, to bliss at last.

"These are my tenets. My creed is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of Jamie Dean's grace, an honest weaver in Ayrshire:—'Lord, grant that we may lead a gude life! for a gude life makes a gude end, at least it helps weel."

* * * *

"Coarse minds are not aware how much they injure the keenly-feeling tie of bosom friendship, when, in their foolish officiousness, they mention what nobody cares for recollecting. People of nice sensibility, and generous minds, have a certain intrinsic dignity, that fires at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached."

* * * *

"My definition of worth is short: truth and humanity respecting our fellow-creatures; reverence and humility in the presence of that Being, my creator and preserver, and who, I have every reason to believe, will one day be my judge. The first part of my definition is the creature of unbiassed instinct; the last is the child of after reflection. Where I found these two essentials, I would gently note and slightly mention any attendant flaws—flaws, the marks and consequences of human nature."

* * * *

The annexed stanzas were composed by Burns when he was seventeen:—

"I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling chrystal stream:

Straight the sky grew black and daring,
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

"Such was life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang ere noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair—perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still."

The following beautiful verses are in the collection written by one John Lapraik, and composed at a time when his wife was fretting over their misfortunes. It is mentioned by Burns, in one of his poetical epistles, in these terms:—

"There was ae sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life."

SONG.

"When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee, a' my ain;
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain.

"A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o' bliss.

"Hae I a wish? It's a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze,

Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor Envy's sel finds aught to blame;
And ay when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

"I'll lay me there, and take my rest;
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear.
Hae I a joy! it's a' her ain,
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin."

We are almost inclined to mingle tears with smiles on reading these simple lines, written extempore by Burns, on being appointed to the excise:—

"Searching auld wives' barrels,
Och, ho! the day!
That clarty barm * should stain my laurels,
But—what'll ye say!
These moving things, ca'd wives and weans †,
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes."

John De Lancaster. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. Lackington, Allen, and Co.

THE name of the venerable author will, no doubt, secure this tale a passport to public favour. It is an interesting and well-written novel: the light and shade of human nature is pourtrayed in strong colours, and with a masterly hand. A few pedantic disquisitions may, perhaps, tire the patience of a certain class of readers; but the story has sufficient interest to awaken attention, and gratify every mind of sensibility.

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* Dirty yeast. † Children.

Woman; or, Ida of Athens. By Miss Owenson.

This lady has written several popular novels, which have not come under our inspection. Of the present we shall say but little, as the caprices of taste are unaccountable. It is, at best, a confused jargon of sound and sentiment: some of the expressions are highly absurd; and as the authoress alledges, in excuse for the imperfections of her work, that she bestows little time on the composition, and none upon correction, we will give her a friendly hint, to change her plan, and, in future, let us have a little common sense, in the place of *uncommon* nonsense; or the public will not be in such haste to read her novels, as she is in to write them.

William Tell; or, Swisserland Delivered. By the Chevalier De Florian. Translated from the French by Will. B. Hewson, Author of "The Blind Boy," the "Fallen Minister," &c. &c. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row.

The writings of Florian have been so long and universally admired for their elegance, simplicity, and pathos, that it is almost needless to add our feeble voice to the general eulogium. In justice to the translator, however, we cannot but make a few comments on this charming little work, which can boast all the merit of a genuine and spirited translation. Historical truths are embellished, not distorted, by a moderate and interesting degree of fiction, and the magnanimous exploits of Tell are softened down by the sweet blandishments of domestic endearment. The narrative throughout breathes the language of virtue, of enthusiasm, and of sensibility. A brief account of the life and writings of Florian enriches this elegant little volume; of which we can, without hesitation, speak in terms of the most unlimited approbation.

DRAMATIC RECORDS.

THEATRE, HAY-MARKET.

ON Saturday, July 1, was performed, for the first time, a new musical farce, called "Killing no Murder." This curious title is founded on the whimsical idea of a man feigning himself to be dead, to avoid an union which does not suit his inclination. This character was performed with considerable humour, by Mr. Liston, who displayed his comic talents with peculiar effect: Mathews has also a part of infinite drollery; the whole is highly farcical, and met with a very favourable reception. The farce is from the pen of Mr. Hook: the music is pretty; and a diverting mock Italian duet, between Liston and Mathews, was a rich treat to the lovers of burlesque.

On Monday, July 10, a new drama, entitled "The Foundling of the Forest," from the pen of Mr. Dimond, jun. was presented, and met with encouraging success. The piece, though abounding with excellent language and interesting situations, was still found defective in many points, of which critical judgment suggested the amendment; and it has since been judiciously curtailed of its redundancies, and rendered more acceptable to the public taste. To the fine acting of Mr. Young, the author is greatly indebted; the part was one in which he had full scope for his talents, and it is needless to say, that he exerted himself to give it due effect. Mr. Farley also displayed great feeling and judgment in his performance of the character of Bertrand. Nature has not done so much for him as for the gentleman just named; but his taste and judgment enable him to surmount this obstacle, and to give peculiar interest to the characters allotted him.

CHARACTERS.

Count De Valmont..... Mr. Young.
Baron Longueville ..... Mr. Fyre.
Bertrand ..... Mr. Farley.

Le Clerc	Mr. Liston.
Steward	Mr. Grove.
Le Noir	Mr. Smith.
Eugenia	Mrs. Glover.
Geraldine	Mrs. Gibbs.
Rosabel	Mrs. Liston.
Widow	Mrs. Davenport.

THE FABLE IS AS FOLLOWS.

The Count de Valmont, resigning himself to the deepest despair for the loss of his wife and child, who were supposed to have perished in the flames of his castle, which was attacked and burnt by the Hugonots, in the time of the civil war, retires to a chateau on one of his estates, where he indulges the natural philanthropy of his disposition in acts of benevolence, but sensitively shrinks from every testimony of gratitude and joy from his dependants. At the time in which the play commences, Florian, who was found in a forest when an infant by the count, and adopted as his son, is expected home, from a successful campaign, in which he had acquired great glory, and is destined by his benefactor to receive the hand of the lovely Geraldine, the niece and heiress of Count de Valmont. The Baron Longueville, however, enamoured of the lady, and jealous of the favour which young Florian enjoys from the count, being on a visit with his kinsman at the chateau, resolves to crush the hopes of the envied youth, and engages Bertrand, who had been formerly employed by him in deeds of darkness, to assassinate Florian in the forest, on his way home. Bertrand, filled with compunction for his former crimes, and admiration of the noble youth, attempts to remonstrate; but being reminded by the baron of an oath he had once taken, he is compelled, however reluctant, to submit. Bertrand, with Le Noir and another assassin, repair to the forest, where they find a horse without a rider, and disperse in different directions in search of their victim. Florian, cold, wet, and weary, arrives at the

spot, and incapable of finding his way out, halloos for assistance; his cry is answered by a shrill whistle, and a flash of lightning betrays to him a man masked and armed. Sensible of his danger, he retreats behind a tree, when Le Noir enters, and finds his comrade instead of the chevalier, and they again separate. Florian, emerging from his concealment, discovers a light in a distant cottage window, and hastens to the spot with every demonstration of joy. The door of the cottage is opened by a female, who no sooner distinguishes his figure than she utters a shriek of terror, and runs wildly into the forest. Florian surprised, but not dismayed, enters boldly, and is received with great hospitality by the venerable widow, who is mistress of the cottage; she refreshes him, and then briefly acquaints him that the female he just beheld was an unhappy creature, whom she had preserved from perishing in the forest, where she was discovered, eighteen years since, in a state of wildness and insanity; but of whose real history she is wholly ignorant. While they are discoursing they are interrupted by Bertrand and the assassin, who rush in and seize Florian; being without means of defence, he submits to their violence, and one of the assassins is preparing to pierce his heart with a dagger, when the sudden appearance of the wild woman throws Bertrand into such a state of horror and remorse, that he peremptorily commands them to desist from an action, which heaven itself opposes. The villains accordingly retreat, leaving Florian in security, who, at break of day, returns to the chateau, where he is joyfully received by his patron and the lovely Geraldine. The baron dissembles his chagrin, but having learnt the particulars of his escape, determines to visit the cottage, and see the female, whose appearance had so strangely frustrated his villanous scheme. Bertrand also, anxious to have his mind relieved from a load of guilt, repairs to the cottage, and recognises in the unhappy maniac Eugenia, the wife of Count de Valmont, whom he had been employed to murder on the dreadful night of the conflagration. At first she shrinks from his vows of penitence, till he un-

folds to her the baseness of the baron, who had himself opened the gates to the enemy, and sought the death of herself and the infant, after having deceived her with a false account of the count's death. Eugenia, now believing his penitence sincere, reveals the manner of her escape, but adds the dreadful intelligence that, after her child had been wounded in the arm by the dagger of Bertrand, she had lost him in the forest, where she wandered in a state of distraction, until found by the humane cottager, with whom she has ever since resided. Bertrand then prevails upon her to escape with him, when they are suddenly intercepted by the baron and Le Noir, who seize and disarm Bertrand. Eugenia escapes, and runs wildly to the chateau, where she throws herself at the feet of Rosabel, and implores protection. The baron hastens after her, and invents a plausible tale of her being insane, and having escaped from her husband, to whom he pretends he is anxious to restore her; and Rosabel, not doubting his veracity, suffers Eugenia to be hurried away before the arrival of the count, fearing that his spirits would be agitated by her melancholy state. The baron then exultingly conveys her to a pavillion on the borders of the lake, in which he intends to have her drowned at midnight. The widow, alarmed for the safety of her charge, repairs to the chateau with a paper which Eugenia had consigned to her care, and demands admittance to the count; who no sooner casts his eye on the writing, than he perceives it to be the hand of his long lamented wife. Wrought to phrenzy by this discovery, he for a moment yields to the impulse of revenge; his soul is again subdued by tender recollections, and he is carried from the stage in a state of insensibility. Florian, learning the particulars, hurries to the pavillion, and discovers Eugenia at the grated window; he releases her from her prison, when, in an emotion of gratitude embracing his hand, Eugenia perceives the mark which convinces her that it is her son. The baron rushes in, and the unhappy countess, torn from her newly discovered child, is placed in a boat, guarded by Bertrand and Le Noir, who wait

only the order from Longueville to assassinate her. The baron, after a sharp rencounter with Florian, disarms him, and then exultingly commands the assassin to strike. Bertrand obeys, but, instead of piercing the breast of Eugenia, plunges his sword into that of the villain Le Noir. In an instant the alarm-bell of the chateau is sounded, the count and his attendants arrive, Longueville is secured, and led away to justice; and the count receives with rapture his beloved wife and son, and the happiness of the lovers of course completed.

The plot of this drama, though complicated, is progressive; and, allowing for the latitude of fiction, not overstrained; and the effect interesting to the highest degree.

The comic part is but poor. Mr. Liston did his best in a part rather beneath his abilities; and the music, with the exception of Mrs. Liston's first song, has little to recommend it. Some of the scenery was beautiful; and the acting, throughout, incomparably fine.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

A new ballet, called "The Nabob; or, Indian Lovers," was performed on the same night at this theatre. The plot is simple, yet interesting. It was received with gratifying applause.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. XIII.

DIRECTIONS FOR BREEDING AND REARING POULTRY.

THE first thing to be observed, is the proper choice of fowls; for this purpose, the youngest are best for laying, and those of a middle age for sitting: in order to make them familiar, feed them at particular hours, and in the same place. The best age to set a hen is from two years old to five, and the time in or soon after February; a hen sits twenty days. The hen should be large and stout, with strong claws; but it will be best if she has none behind, as they are apt to break the eggs; neither must she be fat.

If you would have the eggs large, give them plenty of victuals, and sometimes oats with fennegreek, to heat them. To prevent the hens from eating the eggs, lay chalk, shaped like an egg, in their way, which will disappoint them when they peck it. When by their clucking you find your hens are inclined to lay, do not frustrate them, nor put more than ten eggs under each. If you set a hen upon the eggs of geese, or ducks, you must set them nine days before you put her own eggs under her again. You must always make a mark on one side of them, that you may discover whether she turns them; if she does not, you must do it for her, when she quits her nest. You must be careful that the eggs are quite new, and be sure not to let her be disturbed while sitting, or she will forsake her nest. Place her meat and water near her, that her eggs may not cool while she is in search of food; and, when she is absent, stir up the straw gently, and lay the eggs in the same order you found them. You may fumigate her nest with rosemary, and cautiously keep the cock from disturbing the eggs. Your hen-house should be as large, dry, and airy, as possible, with convenient perches, with small hampers of straw, for them to lay their eggs in; but when they sit it must be on the ground, which should be kept clean and smooth, but not paved; it will be proper to place the straw in the darkest part. If convenient, let your hen-house be near the bakehouse, or any building where there is fire often, as the warmth and smoke are beneficial. Great care must be taken to keep them free from vermin, for which purpose you may boil wormwood, and sprinkle the floor with the liquor. When your chickens are hatched, wrap those that are weakly in wool, and place them in a basket in the chimney corner. After they have been hatched two days, give them very small oatmeal, some dry, and some steeped in milk, or else crumbs of fine white bread. When they increase in size and strength, give them crusts, cheese parings, bread and milk, barley meal, or veal and lamb minced very fine, and in small quantities. They should be kept in the house a fortnight; nor must they run in the

garden until they are six weeks old. Be careful to let them have clean water, as dirty will be apt to give them the pip.

Chickens that you intend to cram, must be cooped up when the hen forsakes them. Make pellets of wheat-flour, dough, and milk, thrust it down their throats; but mind that they are not too large, or you will choak them. Chickens are to be fattened in the following manner: confine them in coops, and feed them with barley-meal: put some brick-dust in their water, which will help their appetite, and cleanse their stomachs. Hens are subject to various diseases, for the cure of which we shall give a few approved directions.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—Full dress:—A round convent robe of Egyptian brown tissue, worn over a white satin under dress, ornamented at the feet, and round the bosom and sleeves, with a rich white lace; white satin appliqued stomacher, embellished with silver lattice work, and continued in a strait line to the feet. Head dress of fine gold net, with a Mecklin veil of uncommon delicacy, disposed in a graceful manner over one shoulder. Necklace and armlets of pearl, with diamond snaps. Scarf of Andalusian silk. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of fine French cambric, or plain muslin, trimmed at the feet, wrists, and neck, with Vandyke lace; the bosom of lace and needle-work. A Tyrolese cloak of lilac shot sarsnet, trimmed with Venetian binding and white lace, put on full; a frill of the same round the neck, clasped in front with silver. The hair in the Grecian style. Veil a la Maltese, of the most transparent texture, edged in vandykes, thrown with simple elegance over the whole, so as for the countenance just to be discovered. Lilac shoes; primrose coloured gloves; parasol same colour as the cloak.

LONDON DRESSES for AUGUST.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Augst 1809

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of the late William Perfect, M. D. of Town Malling, Kent.

AH! can the tear forget to flow?
Or can the Muse neglect to mourn,
In soften'd strains of unfeign'd woe,
O'er PERECT's hallow'd urn?
The genuine heartfelt drop bedews
The cypress wreath that twines his bier;
Affection weeps a kindred Muse,
And mourns with grief sincere.

Long, long his worth shall mem'ry trace,
And many a sigh that worth shall claim;
Nor shall oblivion's hand deface,
The records of his fame.
Ah! PERFECT, mourn'd, belov'd, admir'd,
This humble tribute of respect,
By feelings of the heart inspir'd,
Oh, shade rever'd! accept.

May ev'ry care on earth thou'st known,
Be now repaid by heav'nly love;
And may we meet, when life is flown,
In realms of bliss above.

Yet still the tear for thee must flow,
The kindred muse ne'er cease to mourn;
In soften'd strains of unfeign'd woe,
Oh, PERFECT! o'er thy urn.

June 26, 1809. T. H. PERFECT.

SUMMER.

AWAKE, my Muse, touch ev'ry wire,
And fill with intellectual fire,
My mental magazine;
For, lo! descending from afar,
Drawn in her radiant beaming car,
Bright Summer's glowing queen.

She comes to charm th' enraptur'd soul,
And bid soft pleasure's current roll,
O'er Albion's fair domain;
To spread her veil, with flow'rets wove,
To fill with music every grove,
And gladden all the plain.

Now view, in all their verdant prime,
The smiling fields, the hills sublime,
And trees whose heads aspire;
With flow'ry plains and mossy dells,
Where hermit meditation dwells,
Array'd in green attire.

The buzzing insect leaves its nest,
And thwart the meadows, gaily drest,
Floats by on silken plume;
T' extract the balm from violets blue,
And blooming flowers of every hue,
That breathe a rich perfume.

And now ten thousand minstrels rise,
To usher in the morning skies,

With splendid drapery hung;
For, hark, on every leafy bush,
The lark, sweet linnet, and the thrush,
Lift high to heaven their song.

Again to feast the visual sight,
The torrent down the rocky height,
Rolls its tremendous surge;
Whose thund'ring waters rapid sweep,
From cliff to cliff, and steep to steep,
Through many a cavern'd gurge.

Till spent its strength, it murm'ring steals,
Wave after wave, through daisied fields,
A tepid winding stream;
While in its azure trembling breast,
Surrounding objects are confess'd,
And Phœbus's bright-hair'd beam.

The shepherd now forsakes his cot,
For some romantic, pleasing spot,
Where sylvan joys succeed;
There, 'neath the gloom of waving trees,
That nod obedient to the breeze,
He tunes his oaten reed.

And oft is seen, at early morn,
The milk-maid on the dewy lawn,
With merry heart so gay;
Who, as she climbs th' adjacent style,
Hums a sweet ditty, to beguile
The tedious time away.

More could my muse's feeble powers
Impart, what marks the gilded hours,
When blissful summer reigns;
But conscious that enough's been tried,
By Thomson, Scotia's classic pride,
Who sung the rural strains,

She stops her flight, nor dares to climb
Up Helicon, whose brow sublime,
O'erhangs Parnassian groves;
But, humble in life's transient sphere,
Through by-way paths and vallies here,
In dark oblivion moves.

Had thankless man but wings to fly,
O'er earth, o'er water, and through sky,
And scale the blue profound;
Trace nature in her ev'ry form,
Of glittering sunshine, black'ning storm,
That deck the season round,

His heart no more would grateful own,
That pow'r who guides, and guides alone,
Creation's wond'rous frame;
But follow each detested rule,
Admir'd by ev'ry sceptic fool,
To his eternal shame.

Then blest is he who pries not far
Beyond where reason's glimm'ring star,
Hangs down its meteor chain;
But leaves to disbelieving elves,
Who doubt th' existence of themselves,
T' enjoy their notions vain.

For e'en the little here we see,
Within a day's rotundity,
Creative wisdom own;
Then while we here exist below,
To God let adulations flow,
Ascending to his throne.

Finsbury, June 6, 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

RECOLLECTIONS.

THE season I remember well,
'Twas in the month of June,
The birds, in ev'ry mossy dell,
Struck up a merry tune.

When I with lovely Rosa stray'd,
A river's maze along;
While lambkins in the meadow play'd,
A sweet and harmless throng.

In shady wood and valleys gay,
And dark umbrageous grove,
We sweetly passed the time away,
Discoursing on our love.

And as we sate beneath the gloom
Of gently waving trees,
How grateful was the rich perfume,
Borne in each fanning breeze.

No tragic notes our ears assail'd,
Or swell'd th' ambient air;
For nought but innocence prevail'd,
Unclouded yet with care.

And when amid the blue profound,
Pale shining from afar,
Diana took her nightly round,
Borne in her silver car,

Then by her trembling modest light,
Thro' fields of pearly dew,
We homeward, thro' the shady night
Did soft our way pursue.

Whilst Philomela, lonely bird,
Among the whispering boughs.
On zephyrs frolic wing was heard,
To breathe her plaintive vows.

O when shall I such scenes again
With my sweet maid enjoy,
Arcadian pleasures, void of pain,
That never, never cloy!

Alas! no more to feast these eyes,
They'll ere again return,
For I am doom'd, in hopeless sighs,
And misery to mourn.

Since adverse fortune bids me fly
The maiden to my mind;
I never will for others sigh,
But shun all woman kind.

Finsbury, Feb. 12, 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

CHARADES.

1.

MY first is seen in flocks of sheep,
My next is us'd in schools;
Without my whole no guns should be,
Unless they're us'd by fools. Z. Z.

2.

My first and my second revers'd,
Discloses the name of a thief;
My whole is the name of a man,
Of savages often the chief. Z. Z.

SOLUTION

TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

WHEN heav'n's great king first form'd for man the earth,
Then *Time*, that ever-moving sage, had birth;
And still shall travel o'er earth's wide domain,
To teach men truth, in pleasure, or in pain,

Till God, that gave, shall melt away his pow'rs,
In bright eternity's unchanging hours!
Yet, while on earth, how amplified his rule,
From monarch's thrones, to humble sorrow's school:
He has o'erturn'd proud empires, tow'ring high,
And yet has deign'd to soothe the mourner's sigh;
Has made the weeping widow's murmurs cease,
And sunk the warring passions into peace.
But how abus'd is *Time!*—truth too well known!
He's seldom thought of, till too distant flown:
Youth heeds him not in life's advancing hour,
But laughs at *Time*, and all his vaunted pow'r;
Too oft in dissipation's giddy round,
The only *Time* he wishes for is found.
Alas! e'en manhood, in life's glowing noon,
Thinks that for heeding *Time* 'tis yet too soon,
And trifles many an hour abus'd away,
That else had ornamented life's short day;
"Leave *Time* to age," he cries, "'tis not for me
To think of *Time*, I'm young, and I'll be free."
Soon age approaching, whispers in his ear,
That vast eternity approaches near;
Appall'd he turns, and wooes *Time's* shorten'd hours,
Laments in sighs his now diminish'd pow'rs;
But finds, e'en then, if *Time* is well employ'd,
Mercy will smile to see him fill the void—
The void that youth had made in life's fair page,
And manhood left to be fill'd up by age.
Oh! then let all of us, as *Time* steals by,
Think that an hour will come when we must die!
When life matur'd must yield its latest breath,
And close the busy scene of care in death!
And thinking thus, let none of us repine,
At *Time's* slow pace, while youthful moments shine;
But cherish ev'ry minute as it goes,
And guard, as much as man may guard, 'gainst woes;
So shall the storms of sin and passion cease,
And all the latter hours of life be peace!

July 3, 1809. J. M. L.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

GOOD folks, you may buy,
At least if you'll try,
And that at a moderate price,
Black pepper, or white,
At morn, noon, or night,
And no one can doubt 'tis a spice.

In gardens so green,
Sure *mint* may be seen,
A herb that possesses much power;
But the *mint* I like best,
And whose fruit stands the test,
Is found, I believe, in the Tower.

Its fruit if you've got,
And are aught of a sot,
You may *Peppermint* get, if you please;
But if you drink much,
Its strength, sir, is such,
Your head will not boast of much ease.

July 3, 1809. J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to apologise to Oscar for the omission of "Damon and Lucinda" this month; several other correspondents having prior claims.

Amandus must excuse our deferring his favour till our next.

The effusions of the enamoured J. A. shall be inspected with attention; the length of the article would alone be sufficient to prevent its finding room in the present number.

The first Acrostic, by John Carnegie, shall appear; the second is too incorrect for insertion.

We shall be particularly obliged, if the author of "Highland Characters" will favour us with the continuation as early as possible.

Lines to a Goldfinch, in our next.

We do not think the "Sonnet to her who will understand it," original; it is under consideration.

"A Sonnet on reading the Children of the Abbey;" and a "Sonnet," from an anonymous correspondent, shall appear in our next number.

Mackenzie sc.

Marchioness of Tavistock.

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